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CEREBUS

bi-weekly

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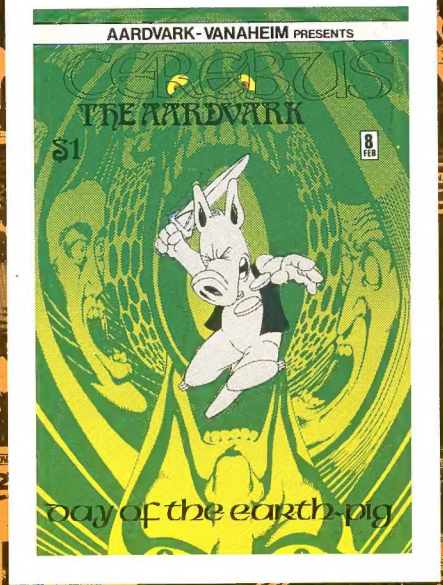

reprinting Cerebus number eight (1979) in its entirety

March 10, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
20,000

DAVE SIM
President

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

It's editorial number eight and for once I have plenty to tell you about.

First of all, we are going to have to reprint issue number one. For those of you who can't get it where you are, ask your friendly supplier to start making inquiries. It will have a new cover as well as something special inside it besides the story from issue one.

Our circulation is up over four thousand now, so things are starting to look up.

Some other big news is we've been invited to two out of town (actually out of country) conventions. Dave's got more information on that on the letters page.

Our special, "The Aardvarkian Age" is a real in-depth history of Cerebus and the places he travels through. It won't be ready for a while yet, but when it is I'll let you know. Michael and Dave have been compiling quite alot of information and it should be really interesting. Included are three original Cerebus stories in text form with original illustrations by Dave. These stories should shed some light on the reason for all those times that mistaken identities have made Cerebus's life so interesting.

That's about it this time around. It seems to me that it's time to settle into your comfy-chair and catch up on your and my favorite aardvark and his newest adventure.

Deni

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 8 (February-March, 1979)

There is a large difference between issues 7 and 8.

I don't know if it's as obvious to other people as it is to me, but there is definitely a difference. I can almost see the pages of the issue sighing with relief as I thumb through it. The splash page and the top panel of page six were expressions of my own personality without having been filtered through someone else's style. This was around the time that I started developing a lighter touch to the pace of my stories. The plot seems to bounce along inside the panels. No longer restricted to seeing the world through Barry Smith-coloured glasses, I started seeing each panel as a link in a chain. My priority was no longer to copy Smith's pen-lines, but to use each drawing as a connecting fragment. It was like a dormant time-sense had leaped into my head from nowhere. It had been there all along of course, but it had been overruled most times by the part of me that was determined to be Barry Smith. The emphasis shifted from the finished art to the layout of the story. From cosmetic technique to narrative flow.

Like I say, it's obvious to me, anyways.

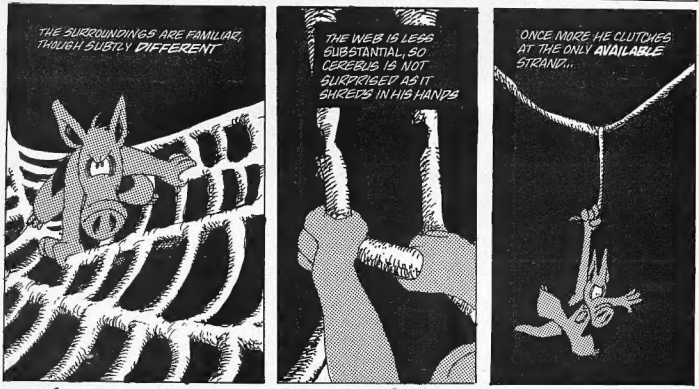
This was actually the issue when I first came up with the idea for issue 20 -- you can see it on pages three through six and pages eight and nine. When I finished drawing the curve on page three, I had this picture in my head of the hallucination panels sort of swirling through the whole book around all these ninety degree angle panels. By the time I was done page six, I was thinking of extending the idea for several issues, gradually having more and more of the swirling panels until the rest of the story was over-powered by them and I could do a whole issue of nothing but swirling black panels with cross-hatched patterns.

I chickened out of course. I was pretty daring by this point, but not *that* daring. I did a couple of more swirling panels (this time incorporating the real background in the swirling) and then brought the Earth-pig back to consciousness, with narry a backward glance of regret and proceded to try something that would eventually emerge as the form of No. 20: Talking Heads.

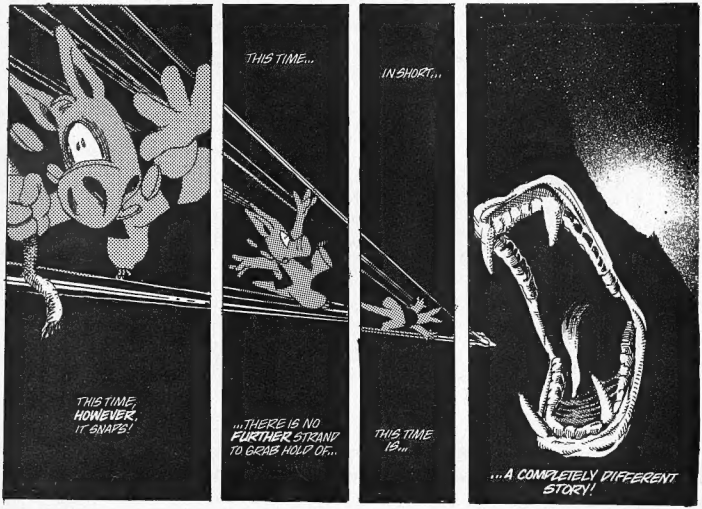
Talking Heads is a rock group. Talking Heads is also a term used for boring television. Talking Heads as a term in comics is in the same category as "hack". It is not a nice term. Especially for those of us doing Talking Heads material.

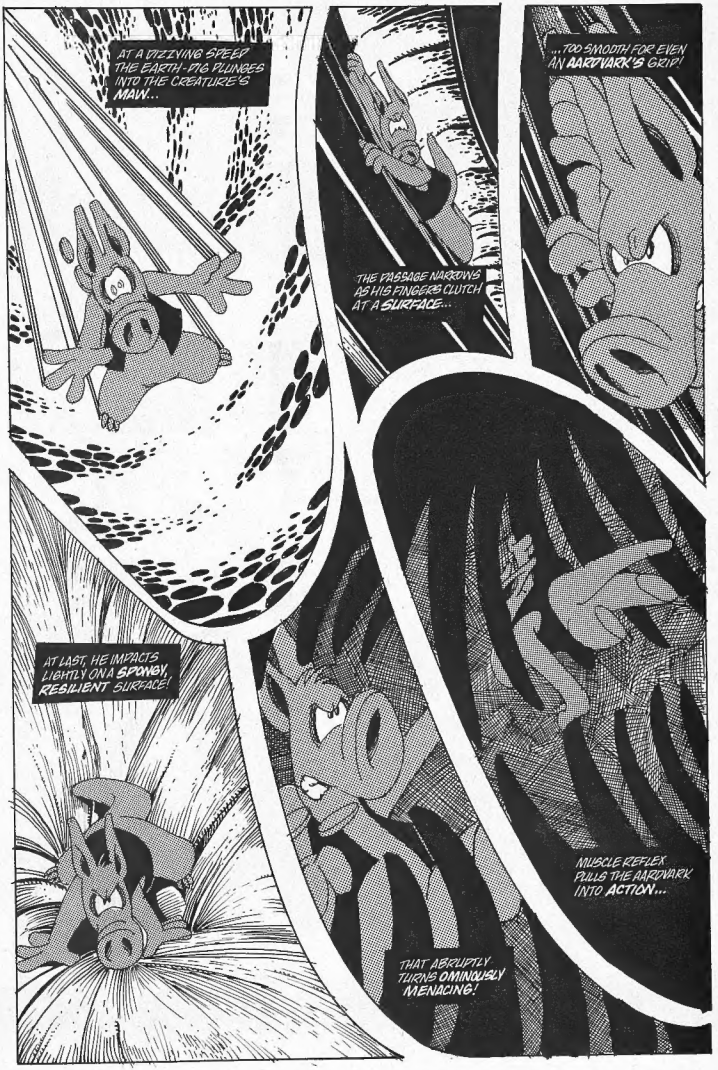
But I was in a daring mood, as I said. Daring enough to thumb my nose at convention and plunge into six pages of snappy repartee and Cerebus in chains. Doing something you really don't have the guts to do has a liberating effect. In this case, being able to do six pages of dialogue allowed me to write the ending for the story. I had been torn between having Cerebus stay with the Conniptins and having him escape at the earliest possible opportunity. I tried to reason it through -- he wasn't in the best of health and he had the guarantee of warm food and some shelter. On the other hand, these were blue ribbon jerks from his standpoint -- exactly the type of person Cerebus avoided like the plague. I worried about it for a while and then just decided to throw myself on the mercy of the court of fan opinion and let Cerebus wrestle with the dilemma in print.

I was making progress, but it was another twelve issues before I let the solid black and cross-hatching swirl away the ninety degree angle panels.


THE SURROUNDINGS ARE FAMILIAR, THOUGH SUBTLY DIFFERENT
THE WEB IS LESS SUBSTANTIAL, SO CEREBUS IS NOT SURPRISED AS IT SHREDS IN HIS HANDS
ONCE MORE HE CLUTCHES AT THE ONLY AVAILABLE STRAND...

day of the earth-pig!


THIS TIME, HOWEVER, IT SNAPS!
THIS TIME...
...THERE IS NO FURTHER STRAND TO GRAB HOLD OF...
IN SHORT...
THIS TIME IS...
...A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STORY!


AT A DIZZYING SPEED THE EARTH-PIG PLUNGES INTO THE CREATURE'S MAW...
THE PASSAGE NARROWS AS HIS FINGERS CLUTCH AT A SURFACE...
...TOO SMOOTH FOR EVEN AN AARDVARK'S GRIP!
AT LAST, HE IMPACTS LIGHTLY ON A SPONGY, RESILIENT SURFACE!
MUSCLE REFLEX PULLS THE AARDVARK INTO ACTION...
THAT ABRUPTLY TURNS OMINOUSLY MENACING!

STILL, THE AARDVARK STRAINS UNTIL HIS BREATH COMES IN RAGGED GASPS AND HIS HEART BEATS A STACCATO IN HIS EARS...
EVEN AS THE MADDENINGLY TENACIOUS FORCE MAKES FURTHER ACTION FUTILE!
CAREFUL THERE! THAT WOUND ON ITS LITTLE BACK LOOKS SERIOUS!
CAN'T YOU JUST SORT OF HOLD HIM DOWN?
I'D BE GLAD TO STEP ASIDE AND GIVE YOU A CRACK, YOUR LORDSHIP...
IT ISN'T TALL ENOUGH TO BE A BOREALAN!
THOUGH IT IS UGLY ENOUGH TO BE ONE!
WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH HIM, LORD?
WATCH OUT FOR THE...
UMPH
...TAIL.
OH, I DON'T KNOW... IF THE FUR ISN'T TOO COARSE, I MIGHT HAVE IT MADE INTO A BATH ROBE
OTHERWISE, I'LL HAVE IT STUFFED AND SENT HOME TO FATHER...
THE BEAST FIGHTS LIKE OUR BEST MEN...
HE DESERVES THE HONOUR HE IS DUE...

OH VERY WELL- I'LL HAVE IT DECORATED WITH FULL MILITARY HONOURS...
...THEN I'LL HAVE IT MADE INTO A BATH ROBE.
TAKE HIM TO MY TENT...
THE SITUATION WORSENS, YOUR LORDSHIP. WITH GREAT HUMILITY, I WOULD SUGGEST WE NEED A NEW COURSE OF ACTION...
WE SHOULD ATTACK THE HEIFAN OUTPOST NOW
IF WE WAIT THEY WILL HAVE TIME TO FORTIFY ...
I'M THE KING'S SON AND IT IS MY DECREE THAT WE MUST WAIT FOR A SNOWSTORM ...
AT LEAST THEN WE WON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT ALL THE ICKY BLOOD ON THE SNOW!
THE MEN, SIR-- THEY-- A SOLDIER IS A PROUD PERSON. HE WANTS STRONG LEADERSHIP! AS A CONNIPTIN...
THE MEN! WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF MY BURDEN ...
I AM THE SON OF A GOD IN-CAR-NATE! MY PERSONAL MYSTIC DECLARED ME A GOD AS WELL...
SPOT
...AND GAVE ME A LARGE BAG OF WHITE 'POWDER OF THE GODS' TO AID ME...
THANK YOU FOR THIS LITTLE TALK CAPTAIN... IT WAS SO BORING IT WAS PROBABLY GOOD FOR ME...
NOW BE A GOOD FELLOW AND RUN ALONG...
YES, SIR!..
HE FEELS THE ENERGY IN HIS BODY DIMINISH AS HIS LIMBS BEGIN TO SHAKE INVOLUNTARILY
HIS BONDS GRIP MORE FIRMLY THAN BEFORE, ROOTING THE EARTH-PIG TO THE SPOT...

YOU LEFT WORD THAT YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, COMMANDER?
AYE CAPTAIN-- DO COME IN...
EVEN SO, HIS RAGE BUILDS AND, THOUGH LESS FREQUENTLY THAN BEFORE...
AARDVARK MUSCLES CONTINUE TO TEST THEIR RESTRAINTS.
IT'S AN INFECTION IN THE WOUND--EVEN SO HE'S MAKING AN EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY! IN AN HOUR HE'LL SNAP HIS BONDS LIKE WOVEN GRASS...
I HAVE NO INTEREST IN HIS LORDSHIP'S PETS. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
IF YOU DON'T WISH TO DISCUSS HIS PETS' FUTURE...
WHAT ABOUT HIS LORDSHIP'S FUTURE?

UNABLE TO RUN, HE CEASES HIS STRUGGLES, BUILDING HIS STRENGTH FOR THE INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION...
HE HEARS VOICES, NOW, OFTEN MUFFLED AND INCOHERENT. "ENEMIES" IS HIS ONLY CONCLUSION...
CAPTAIN TURL! OHH, CAP-TAIN! COME OUT COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE! I'D LIKE A CUP OF GOAT'S MILK ...
...YOU KNOW HOW CRANKY I GET WITHOUT MY GOAT'S MILK!
WE'LL START TOMORROW MORNING...
IT'S FOOLHARDY!... I'M A SOLDIER AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT AN ARMY IS A DELICATE THING! A FEW BAD WORDS FROM A HANDFUL OF MEN WITH INFLUENCE WOULD BRING THIS WHOLE MESS DOWN AROUND OUR...
THE PLAN IS RISKY... I KNOW--
...RISKY?

TOMORROW?! THE BEAST'S WOUND IS TOO SERIOUS FOR WITHSTANDING STRESS ...I'M A DOCTOR-- NOT A MAGICIAN!
WE'RE IN DANGER OF LOSING THIS TERRITORY! WE'LL NEED TO BE SECURE IF OUR PLAN IS TO WORK...
I'M A DOCTOR NOT A GENERAL THE WELFARE OF MY...
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT! IF WE FALTER NOW, WE MAY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE! THE TIME IS RIGHT!
I'M A DOCTOR NOT A TIME-KEEPER!
EITHER-THE-PLAN-GOES-INTO-EFFECT TOMORROW-MORNING ...
...OR I'LL-HAVE-YOUR-TONGUE-CUT-OUT!
I'M A DOCTOR NOT A MARTYR! ...
...WE'LL BE READY AT DAWN!

HE FEELS HIMSELF LIFTED AND A NEW SENSATION AS COLD AIR SWIRLS AROUND HIM...
I KNOW WHO DID THIS TO YOU!
HE WISHES ONE THING -- TO FIND THE ONE RESPONSIBLE AND...
I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE AS GOOD WITH A SWORD AS YOU ARE WITH YOUR TAIL....
SICK, EH?! GIVE ME THAT SWORD....
EXACTLY! WHY -- IF YOU WEREN'T SO SICK, I THINK I'D JUST GIVE YOU BACK YOUR SWORD AND LET YOU GO OUT AND RUN ROUGHSHOD OVER...
THOSE CAMPFIRES OVER THERE... THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE ONES WHO DRUGGED YOU...
DRUGGED, EH?
NO ONE DRUGS CEREBUS AND LIVES TO TELL OF IT!
A SWORD IN HIS HAND, HE SWIRLS WITH CONFIDENCE, IGNORING THE LANDSCAPE WHICH REELS DRUNKENLY AROUND HIM...

WHAT IN TARIM'S NAME?
COWARDLY VERMIN!
PREPARE TO DEFEND YOURSELVES!
SO YOU SEEK TO DRUG AN EARTH-PIG BORN--
--AND YOU, ELROD! YOU'VE JOINED FORCES WITH THESE ROGUES, EH?
UNH?
I SLAY ONE ELROD AND ANOTHER RISES IN HIS PLACE!
TAKE THAT, YOU TRAITOROUS ALBINO!
TARIM! ANOTHER ONE!
WAIT! I--I'M NOT ELROD!
CLOVIS' TONSILS!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
YOU MAY BE A MASTER OF DISGUISE, RED SOPHIA, BUT YOU DON'T FOOL CEREBUS!

MOMENTS LATER, FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH THROUGH THE LATE NOVEMBER SNOWS...
HE IGNORES THE FOUR BODIES SPRAWLED IN THE SNOW AND THE REDDISH POOLS AROUND THEM...
INSTEAD, HE FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF IRREGULAR BREATHING TO ITS SHORT, GREY AND FURRY SOURCE...
HMMM! RESPIRATION AND PULSE RAPID BUT STRONG! THE WOUND IS OPEN AGAIN...
...BUT THE INFECTION HAS ALMOST STOPPED SPREADING...
EXCELLENT!
LITTLE GREY FRIEND...
...YOU'RE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN YOU WAKE UP!
IF NOTHING ELSE, YOU'RE AN ENTHUSIASTIC WORKER.

ARE YOU SURE HE'S MANACLED TIGHTLY? HEALED, HE HAS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO ...
AH, HE'S COMING AROUND ...
GOOD MORROW, YOUR MAJESTY
MAJESTY? WHAT MANNER OF SORCERY IS THIS?
HOW DID CEREBUS COME HERE?
THE STORY IS RELATED OF HOW HE WAS DISCOVERED WANDERING THE SNOW FIELDS -- OF HIS DEFEAT OF THE HSIFAN BORDER RAIDERS! CEREBUS RECALLS HIS BATTLE WITH THE SPIDER BEAST IN THE TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN! THE PAIN IN HIS BACK REMINDS HIM OF THE DAYS OF CONFUSION FOLLOWING THE BATTLE! HIS MIND IN A WHIRL, HE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND HIS WAY TO THE COAST AS HE HAD PLANNED! THOUGH THE COMMANDER TRIES TO EXPLAIN "DOCTOR," "INFECTION" AND "FEVER," CEREBUS ATTRIBUTES THEM TO ONE OF THE NEW DEGENERATIVE SORCERY DISCIPLINES, AND LISTENS NO FURTHER...
THE MEN ARE QUITE TAKEN WITH YOUR ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER OF THOSE TWENTY-FIVE BORDER RAIDERS...
I'D OFFER YOU SOME WINE, BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE ALL TIED UP...
I THOUGHT YOU SAID CEREBUS HAD KILLED FOUR MEN....
OH, THAT.
WE THOUGHT TWENTY-FIVE WOULD BE MORE IMPRESSIVE, SO WE GOT TWENTY-ONE OF OUR OWN ADVANCE TROOPS, DRESSED THEM IN HSIFAN GARB AND DECAPITATED THEM.
WHAT YOU LACK IN HEROISM YOU MAKE UP IN BRUTALITY?
EXACTLY.

THAT STILL LEAVES "WHY?"
WE CONNIPTINS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN NORTH FOR TWO CENTURIES BY THE HSIFAN...
OUR MEN REFUSE TO FIGHT FOR LEADERS MORE CONCERNED WITH PLEASURE THAN THEIR HERITAGE..
WHEN YOU TURNED UP I SAW YOUR LEADERSHIP POTENTIAL, AND FELT YOU WERE THE PERFECT CHOICE TO LEAD THE CONNIPTIN...
I CAN SEE A DAY ALL CONNIPTINS WILL UNITE ...A DAY WHEN WE WILL AGAIN LIVE IN OUR SACRED HOMELAND!
I CAN SEE A DAY WHEN IEST WILL AGAIN BE OURS! I CAN SEE A DAY WHEN GOLDEN STATUES WILL BE RAISED IN OUR HONOUR...
A-HUNH! A-HUNH! A-HUNH!
I CAN SEE A DAY WHEN YOU'RE PUT AWAY IN A RUBBER ROOM!

THESE SOUTHLANDS -- THEY'RE WEALTHY THEN?
NO, IMPOVERISHED. THE GOLD RESERVES ARE DEPLETED... EACH SPRING PRODUCES A SMALLER CROP THAN THE ONE BEFORE...
DISEASE IS RAVAGING THE PEOPLE ...
THEN WHY RECAPTURE THEM?
FOR THE CONNIPTIN IDEALS...
MIGHT MAKES RIGHT...
MIGHT FOR RIGHT!
MIGHT FOR MIGHT!
RIGHT FOR MIGHT!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT WARRIORS ...
...BUT THE CONNIPTINS SEEM TO MAKE GOOD CHEERLEADERS.

IF YOU'LL AGREE TO LEAD US, I CAN PROMISE THAT CONNIPTINS ALL ACROSS THE SOUTHLANDS WILL FLOCK TO FOLLOW US...
YOU WILL BE REVERED AS A GOD-- WAITED ON HAND AND FOOT! YOUR VERY WORDS WILL BE LAW AS YOU SPEAK THEM! THE PEOPLE WILL SING OF...
COMMANDER -- HIS LORDSHIP IS HEARED THIS WAY!
QUICKLY, MAN!
GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE BOX!
WHAT IN TARIM'S NAME ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A...
HEY!
WHY-- YOUR LORDSHIP?!
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
@x!#&6 %!!#8!@
ANG!

I DECIDED THAT BEING AMONG MORTALS MIGHT AMUSE MY OMNIPOTENT SELF FOR A WHILE...
WHAT IS IN THE BOX, COMMANDER?
IT'S A WOLF, YOUR LORDSHIP! WE'RE TRAINING IT AS A WATCH-WOLF!
I SEE. AND MY GREYBEAST... HAVE YOU HAD IT MADE INTO A BATH ROBE AS I ORDERED... COMMANDER?
WATCH-WOLF?
YES, YOUR LORDSHIP!
I THINK YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH THE QUALITY...
AH!
VERY NICE...
VERY NICE, INDEED!
I AM MOST PLEASED...TELL THE MEN I'M AUTHORIZING DOUBLE RATIONS OF CHOCOLATE GRUEL FOR THE EVENING MEAL...
YOU ARE TOO KIND YOUR LORDSHIP...
I KNOW. IT'S MY ONLY FLAW.

TARIM!
YOUR LORDSHIP?

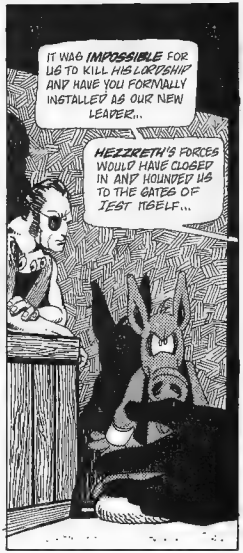
NOT NOW, IDIOT--TARIM AND THE OTHER GODS ARE IN NEED OF MY AID IN A GREAT GOD WAR!!
I'M COMING, TARIM! HOLD ONTO YOUR THUNDERBOLTS!

WHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT THAT WE...

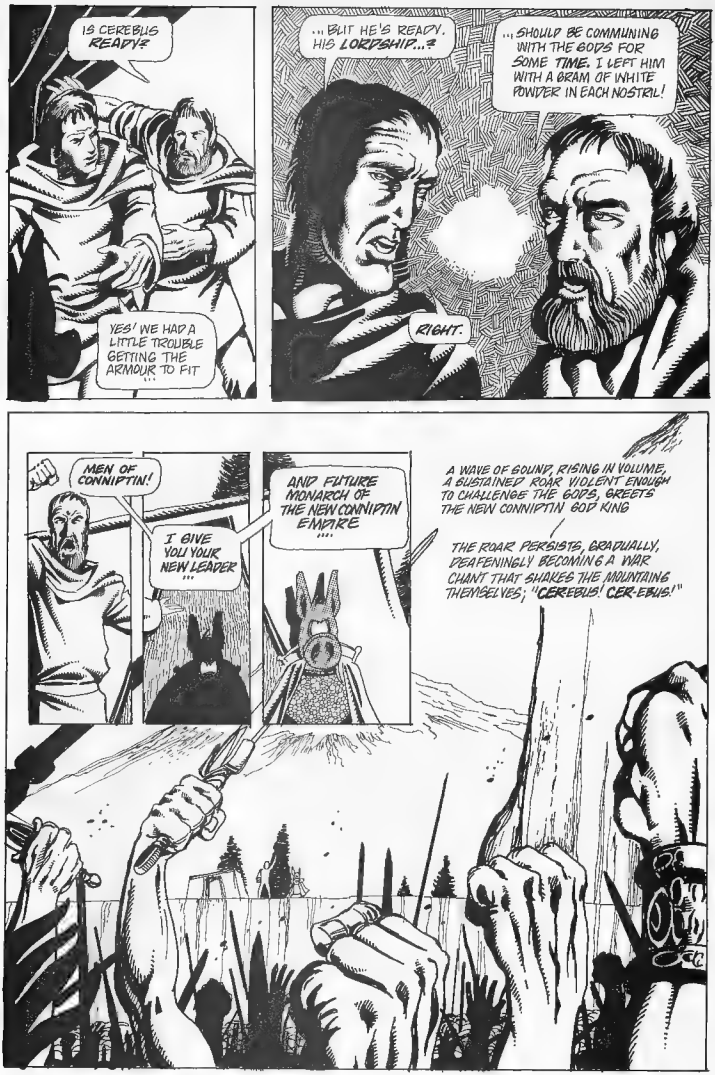
HI THERE
... REMEMBER ME?

WHO IN TARIM'S NAME WAS ...
OUR GLORIOUS LEADER.

HE IS THE SON OF HEZZRETH ... WE HAVE LED HIM TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE MADE INTO THAT BATH-ROBE...


IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO KILL HIS LORDSHIP AND HAVE YOU FORMALLY INSTALLED AS OUR NEW LEADER...
HEZZRETH'S FORCES WOULD HAVE CLOSED IN AND HOUNDED US TO THE GATES OF JEST ITSELF...

SO YOU WISH CEREBUS TO TAKE OVER FROM THIS MORON?
WE'LL CONTINUE SENDING REPORTS TO KING HEZZRETH OF OUR PROGRESS -- CREDITING IT TO HIS SON'S LEADERSHIP...
THE CHANGE FROM FOPPISH VEGETABLE TO DARING GENERAL SHOULD PLEASE OLD HEZZRETH IMMENSELY...
UNTIL WE TAKE BACK LEST, HIS LORDSHIP'S THUMBPRINT WILL BE REQUIRED ON THOSE REPORTS. AFTER THAT HE WILL BE KILLED
AND YOU WILL BE CROWNED CEREBUS THE FIRST -- RULER OF THE NEW CONNIPTIN EMPIRE!
AND IF CEREBUS SHOULD REFUSE?
THAT COULD PROVE DIFFICULT ...
THE MEN HAVE THIS...uh... QUIRK.
QUIRK?
BY CONNIPTIN LAW, ANYONE CHOSEN AS LEADER WHO REFUSES THE HONOUR IS... DISEMBOWELLED.

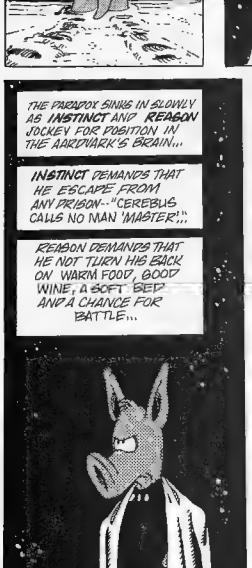

IS CEREBUS READY?
YES! WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING THE ARMOUR TO FIT ...
...BUT HE'S READY, HIS LORDSHIP...?
...SHOULD BE COMMUNING WITH THE GODS FOR SOME TIME. I LEFT HIM WITH A GRAM OF WHITE POWDER IN EACH NOSTRIL!
RIGHT.
MEN OF CONNIPTIN!
I GIVE YOU YOUR NEW LEADER ...
AND FUTURE MONARCH OF THE NEW CONNIPTIN EMPIRE ....
A WAVE OF SOUND, RISING IN VOLUME, A SUSTAINED ROAR VIOLENT ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE THE GODS, GREETS THE NEW CONNIPTIN GOD KING
THE ROAR PERSISTS, GRADUALLY, DEAFENINGLY BECOMING A WAR CHANT THAT SHAKES THE MOUNTAINS THEMSELVES; "CEREBUS! CER-EBUS!"

MEN OF CONNIPTIN! TOMORROW, WE MARCH TO THE SOFIM RIVER! BOATS BEING PREPARED NOW WILL BEAR US SOUTHWARD...
THERE WE WILL CONQUER THE PORT CITY OF IMESH TAKING WHAT LOOT THERE IS TO BE HAD...
ALL WHO PLEDGE LOYALTY TO CEREBUS WILL BE MADE MEMBERS OF OUR ARMY...
ALL WHO REMAIN LOYAL TO THE HSIFAN KHANATE WILL BE PUT TO DEATH! AND SO I TELL YOU...
IF YOUR MAJESTY PLEASES, PERHAPS YOU HAVE SOME WORDS OF INSPIRATION FOR THE MEN...?
EH? OH-- OF COURSE
DON'T SCREW IT UP OR CEREBUS WILL HAVE YOU ALL FLAYED ALIVE!
MAKE A NOTE TO START DIPLOMACY LESSONS FOR HIS MAJESTY TOMORROW...

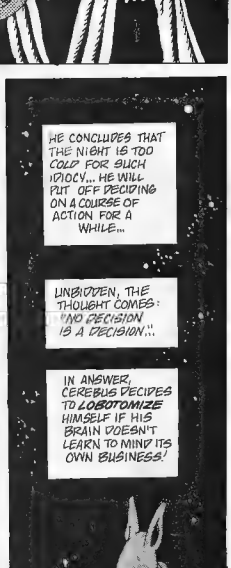
CEREBUS KNOWS THE WAYS OF MEN TOO WELL! THE COMMANDER BETRAYS HIS AMBITION WITH EVERY WORD! HE WISHES THE AARDVARK TO BE A SWORD-WIELDING PUPPET RULER...
ESCAPE SHOULD BE EASY, BUT MUCH DEPENDS ON WHETHER CEREBUS CAN REACH THE SOFA BEFORE THE MOON RISES...
SMAK
LINH?
YOUR HIGHNESS? IS THERE...
CRAK
SECONDS LATER, CEREBUS HAS SNATCHED UP A HEAVY CLOAK AND PLUNGES OFF INTO THE NIGHT...

HE HAS BARELY GONE FIFTY YARDS, WHEN CEREBUS STOPS IN HIS TRACKS...

THE MEN HAD PLEDGED LOYALTY TO CEREBUS --NOT THE COMMANDER ...
THEY WOULD FOLLOW THE EARTH-PIG ...
BUT IF HE LEFT THEY WOULD BE AFTER HIS BLOOD BY MORNING...


THE PARADOX SINKS IN SLOWLY AS INSTINCT AND REASON JOCKEY FOR POSITION IN THE AARDVARK'S BRAIN...
INSTINCT DEMANDS THAT HE ESCAPE FROM ANY PRISON--"CEREBUS CALLS NO MAN 'MASTER'!"...
REASON DEMANDS THAT HE NOT TURN HIS BACK ON WARM FOOD, GOOD WINE, A SOFT BED AND A CHANCE FOR BATTLE...

A LOW GROWL RUMBLES IN HIS THROAT! SELF-EXAMINATION APPEALS TO CEREBUS ABOUT AS MUCH AS DEBATING THEOLOGY WITH A PANIROVIAN MONK...

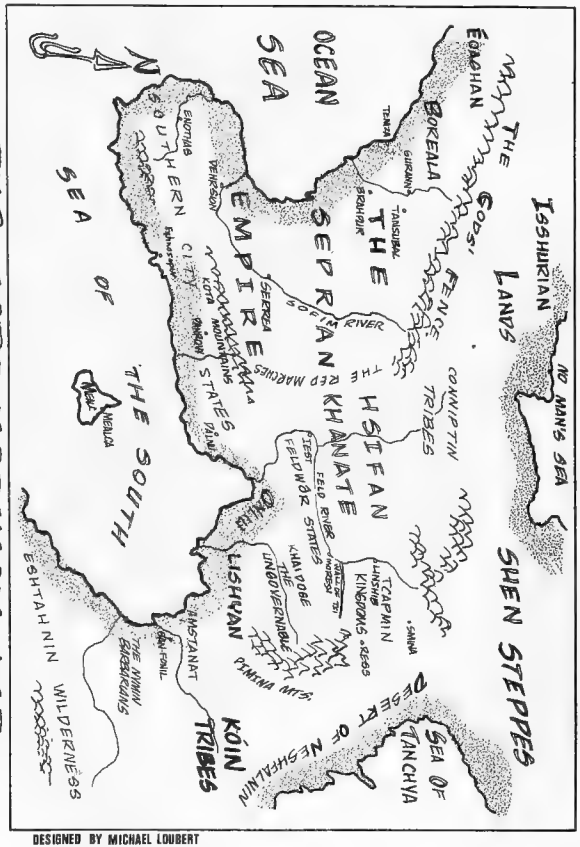

HE CONCLUDES THAT THE NIGHT IS TOO COLD FOR SUCH IDIOCY... HE WILL PUT OFF DECIDING ON A COURSE OF ACTION FOR A WHILE...
UNBIDDEN, THE THOUGHT COMES: "NO DECISION IS A DECISION."...
IN ANSWER, CEREBUS DECIDES TO LOBOTOMIZE HIMSELF IF HIS BRAIN DOESN'T LEARN TO MIND ITS OWN BUSINESS!

BRIEFLY, CEREBUS THINKS THERE MIGHT BE MORE TO LIFE THAN WINE, FOOD, A WARM BED AND A SACK OF GOLD...
MAYHAP TWO SACKS OF GOLD?
THAT ANSWER IS SO OBVIOUS, CEREBUS IS WILLING TO BET IT ISN'T THE RIGHT ONE...
YOUR HIGHNESS - AS A CONNIPTIN WARRIOR I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU JUST NOW ATTACKED ME AND FLED ACROSS THE SNOW...
THE IDEALS OF THE CONNIPTIN DEMAND THAT...
MIGHT MAKES RIGHT!
MIGHT FOR RIGHT!
MIGHT FOR MIGHT!
RIGHT FOR MIGHT!
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
IF CEREBUS IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD THESE LOONIES ....
SOMEONE IS GOING TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN ALL THAT GIBBERISH TO HIM...
FIN

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
March 10, 1989

Map
of the
Aardvarkian Age

The map of Cerebus' world was designed by Michael Loubert (Deni's brother) who created all the place names as well. It appeared in Cerebus No. 3 through No. 10.



DESIGNED BY MICHAEL LOUBERT

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
March 10, 1989

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 8

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dear Denise and Dave:

After reading No. 6, I was inspired to write again. My friend and I are avid comic collectors and delve into 'underground', amateur and standard issue comics. The thing that impresses me most about Cerebus is that while major companies turn out comics by the thousands and need not worry about producing a classic with each issue, Cerebus continues to turn out appealing, exciting stories which make each issue a masterpiece. I don't know that you can truly classify Cerebus into a comics category. It clearly does not rank as an underground, and you are definitely not turning out an amateur mag, as both of these types of publications turn out stories with no continuity to speak of and so many artists take different shots at it that one cannot really relate. Mind you, I think these publications are great for exposing an artist's talents, but Cerebus has the continuity one can relate to.

As a collector, I mainly buy for artwork, and I am proud to place my 'Cerebus' collection alongside my Adams', Starlin's, Smith's Wrightson's and Byrne's, to name a few. As someone has already said, when you do broaden your horizons and hit the 'big time', please don't stop publishing 'Cerebus the Aardvark'. I can foresee a new classification system for comics even now: 'Super-hero', 'underground', 'amateur' and 'Cerebus' (Although not necessarily in that order). As you can tell, I'm kinda fond of that "killer-who-looks-like-a-bunny". Much luck in your marriage. If it turns out half as successful as Cerebus, I think you have yourselves a hit!

Tarim!
David R. Wooten.
808 Arbor Road.
Winston-Salem, NC
27104

Thank you David, for your comments. On the subject of broadening my horizons, I keep a careful watch on all comic books, overground and underground. At the moment, I can't think of any books that are not locked into their own narrow and confining view of what comics should be — from the endless repetition of Marvel and DC to the insufferable and self-conscious pseudo-intellectualism of many major alternative publishers. My own tastes run to the more substantial and cohesive art and story of the giants like Harvey Kurtzman and Will Eisner. Until a comics company emerges that is interested in solid-storytelling and parallel development of art and story by the same creator, I'll be doing all of my horizon-broadening in these pages. Stay tuned.

Dave:

Thanks for sending me Cerebus 2-6 (two copies of No. 6—?) *and if you ever send any more, do me a favor and* autograph 'em, okay? I have this strange hobby, y'see.

Fred Hembeck
199 Smith Ave.,
Kingston, N.Y. 12401

Ladies and gentlemen, Fred (I work for DC-really) Hembeck, the only reason I still subscribe to THE BUYER'S GUIDE gets two points and a hearty chuckle for the below original illustration of our favourite aardvark. Enjoy.

NOTES

For those of you who haven't had a chance to meet Deni and myself at one of John Biernat's Sunday Cons in Toronto, we'll be making appearances at two conventions over the next year for sure as guests. The first is May 5 and 6 in Albany at TRI-CON courtesy of Randy A. Feldman. The second is the fifth annual ATLANTA CON August 10, 11 and 12 in Jimmy Carter country. An added treat is in store for people at the Atlanta Con with the appearance of my sister-in-law, Karen Loubert and her boyfriend Bob (Science-fiction-is-my-life) Bittinger. See you there, y'all.

Y'KNOW, FOR AN AARDVARK, YOU'RE A PRETTY INTERESTING GUY---
BUT LORD, DO YOU SMELL AWFUL!
MY SWORD! WHERE IS MY SWORD?!?
DAVE & DENI — GOOD LUCK WITH CEREBUS!! — FRED HEMBECK

SMALL POTATOES!

ARTIST'S NOTE: ALL READERS LIVING IN LARGE URBAN CENTRES IN CONTINENTAL NORTH AMERICA SHOULD READ THIS COMIC STRIP AT LEAST SIXTEEN TIMES A DAY FOR TWO OR THREE MONTHS IN ORDER TO FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMOUR.

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* "DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY" by Aerosmith

FOR EXTENDED DANCE-FLOOR MIX, XEROX THIS PAGE OVER AND OVER 'TIL YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO PAPER THE ROOM.-THE AUTHOR.

This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 8

SARAH HITCHENS

KITCHENER ONTARIO

the original back cover to cerebus number eight

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